







GUN BELT SAGA THIS IS A STORY OF A GUN BELT AND A MAIN HUNT THAT TOOK LES MASON THROUGH ELERY MASON THROUGH ILLERY WEST! IT WAS SPRINGE WEST! IT WAS SPRINGE ELERY MORE STRANGEN THAN IT DON'T LIKE HIS.













THUS IT CONTINUED, MONTH AFTER MOUNT! A NEW THE HARD SEARCHING LOOK... THE GUN. BATTLES! IT WAS TOUGH FOR A TWENTY VEAR OLD!.



AS HE RODE, THE PAST YEAR UNFOLDED BEFORE HIM, ONE BLAZING CRISIS AFTER ANOTHER!







HE

KNEW
WHERE
THE
HOTEL
WOULD
BE...EACH
TOWN
WAS THE
SAME...
SAME...
FOOLINIT
RESIST
THAT PAIR
OF WARM
BLUE
EYES!









OWN AND FLY YOUR OWN IET ENGINE

JETEX JET ENGINE AND JETEX "SKYFIGHTER"

PLANE ONLY \$ 198 Complete plane. engine and fuel

Real I Take-off

MODERN! FAST! THRILLING!

A REAL JET ENGINE BURNS SOLID FUEL FOR **MAXIMUM THRUST, WORKS** LIKE REAL AIR FORCE JETS

YOUR PLANE IS POWERED BY THIS AMAZING JETEX "50-B" JET ENGINE

- ODDO

Ultra Modern Design, Modern Jet Engine looks like

this Housing solid jet fuel, igniter, jet exhaust and locking assembly. Develops tremendous thrust for its size. Enjoy many exciting, thrill-packed flights.

Enjoy the greatest thrill of your life. Be the first in your hom town to fly a real jet. Win speed competitions. Amaze and amus town to my a reas jet. Win speed competitions. Amaze and amuse your friends as you put the new Jetav "Skyfighter" through its paces... make your plane "blast off" at a scale speed of 600 miles per hour!... dive, loop, circle and zoom through "space" at a furi-ous pace like a powerful jet bomber.

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on model planes, boats, racing cars to give them new, jet-pro-pelled power. Terrific for speed competitions.

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ZONE STATE

NO RISK MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

HE TOOK THE SHORTEST ROUTE ...

















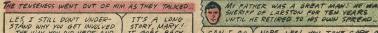




THE STURGETT GANG HAD BEEN COMPLETELY OUTGUNNED, OUTFOUGHT AND OUTCLASSED!







LES I STILL DON'T UNDER-STAND WHY YOU GET INVOLVED ST. "THE WAY YOU DO HERE AND IN THE OTHER TOWN'S YOU TOLD ME ABOUT! WHAT'S PRIVING YOU?

IT'S A LONG STORY, MARY! IT GOE'S BACK MORE THAN THREE YEARS!



MY FATHER WAS A GREAT MAN! HE WAS
SHERTE OF LABSTON FOR TEN YEARS
UNTIL HE RELIFED TO HIS DUM SPREAD.

CAN I GO
WITH YOU,
PAW!
RIDE TO THE WEST PASTURE
AND LOOK FOR SOME
STRAYS!

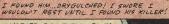
I WAS
PROUD OF
THAT
THAT
GUNBELT
MY FATHER
ALWAYS
WORE! THE
TOWN HAD
GIVEN IT
TO HIM
WHEN HE
RETIRED!
THERE
WASN'T

ANOTHER LIKE IT IN THE WHOLE WEST!



WHEN PAW WAS OVERDUE SEVERAL HOURS ...







FOR TWO
YEARS I
PRACTICED
EVERY
DAY,
LIKE A
MACHINE
OUTIL MY
GUNG
WY HANDS...
THEN I
KNEW I
WAS
READY
MOVE!







SOUGHT GUN BELT!







WHEN THE SMOKE FINALLY



TOOHUMOOT BARGARA

CATTLE AND SHEEP DON'T MIXNEITHER DO ATTLEMEN AND
SHEEPMEN OR HONEST MEN
AND DUTLAWS! CAL CATES
FOUND THIS LAST TO BE TRUE
WHEN HE STAKED EVERYTHING
HE HADDO AN OWN HOOT
BARGAIN TO PROTECT HIS
RANGE FROM THE WOOLES!







BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THOSE WOOLLES' ILL DO, THEV'LL PULL THE GRASP OUP BY THE ROOTS, CLEAN OUT THE RANGE! THERE'LL BE NO GRAZIN' LEFT! I DON'T CARE IFITIS CALLED OPEN RANGE! I'VE FOUGHT FOR IT AN HELD IT FOR MY STOCK AN'.







CAL RODE FROM GILA GULCH MADDER











SOME WHERE IN THE TWISTED ARROYOS AND HIDDEN GULCHES OF THE BLACK HILLS YUMA BENCE HAD HIS OWLHOOT HIDEOUT AND INTO THOSE HILLS CAL CATES RODE!





BLINDFOLDED, CAL WAS LEDALONG A TORTUROUS TRAIL TO THE BANDIT HIPEOUT!

WAL, NOW IF THIS AIN'T A SURPRISE ! SORT OF LIKE THE MAN STICKIN' HIS HEAD YUMA, I'VE COME TO STRIKE A BARGAIN WITH YUH!



QUICKLY CALTOLD THE OUTLAW CHIEF OF HIS

... THAT'S THE STORY! I NEED YOU AND YOUR GUNS-LICKS TO BEAT HOLLISTER AN' DRIVE HIM OFF MY RANGE! IN RETURN I'LL PAY YOH WELL AN' WITHDRAW THE RUSTLIN' COUNTS I SWORE OUT THAT PUT A PRICE ON YOUR HEADS!

I OUGHTTA GUN
YUH FOR THE
TROUBLE YOU'VE
BEEN TO ME!
BUT I HATE
WOOLIES TOOANY RIDER DOES
ALL RIGHT,
YOU'DE AN!











THE SUPPRISE ELEMENT WAS IN THEIR FAVOR! AND WHEN HOLLISTER'S GUNMEN SAW THAT THEY WERE UP

AGAINST YUMA'S OWLHOOT GANG THEY QUIT! ...

PRISE HOLLISTER, YOU AN' YOUR MEN GITON IT WAS YOUR HOSSES AN'GIT OFF THIS RANGE! WE'LL DRIVE YOUR WOOLIES OFF AN' YOU CAN PICK 'EM UP AN' KEEP GOIN'!









BOSS, WHILE YOU AND THE HANDS WAS PUSHIN' THESE SHEEP OUT, YUMA AND HIS GANG RUSTLED EVERY PRIME HEAD OF BEEF WE'VE GOT --- AN' THERE WAS NO ONE TO STOP'EM! BOSS, WE'RE RUINED!





CAL, WE CAUGHT YOMA AND HIS GANGE WITH YOUR HERP PILS GANGE WITH YOUR HERP PILS GAOTEN AWAY WITH HE TICLD ME WHAT YOUR DID:

AN WHAT HE DID! HE WAS LAUGHN HE ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT! AN TOWE YOU AN APPOLOGY TOO, SHERIFF!





The Prince Albert Kid in Peace Piano

Countless number of times over a period of many centuries, fathers have said to their children: "What do you want for your birthday present?" Dave Brower, owner of the Bar-L Ranch, looked at the big calendar over his desk. He had made a circle around the 15th day of June, 1874. He then went into the large living room of his ranch. His daughter Elsies was seated on a chair, and doing some sewing.

"You soon are going to be twenty," he told her. "What do you want for your birthday

present?"

"Will you get me anything I really want?"

she half teased.

"Let's put it this way," explained her father.
"We had a good year at the ranch. Have plenty
of money in the bank and also some invested
in government bonds. If money can buy it, then
you can have it. So name it."

Elsie put her sewing down on the table next to her chair. She tossed her brown hair to the

right side of her face and smiled.

"A piano is all I want. Nobody has a piano

in this section of the West."

Dave Brower was the kind of man who could take things in their stride. There was the day when he and some of his men had been trapped by a marauding band of Apaches.

"I have an appointment with the Government Land Agent this evening," he had said to

his men. "So we got to get through."

And they fought their way out of the trap without a single fatality. But this surprise was something entirely different. All he could manage to say was just something that sounded like "Huh?" Elsie ran her hand through his hair and didn't say anything else. She knew her father's quick mind was at work. Finally he spoke.

"That means sending it all the way from St. Louis by wagon. We will have to find out when a wagon train will be headed either this way or to Fort Sill. Also I figure you must have some-body give you music lessons for at least a year. It will cost a pretty penny, but if that's what you want for your birthday present, you will

get it."

The man walking into the officers' quarters at Fort Sill wore a long Prince Albert coat. From his hips swung two pearl handled Colt's .45.

The famous law man of the West went up to Major Pearson.

"Sergeant Branningan told me you want to see me before I left for St. Louis. Anything im-

portant, sir?" he asked.

"Maybe yes, maybe no," replied the officer.
"You are to return with the munition train and
the new rifles for our soldiers. This is sort of
something personal. You remember Dave
Brower? You gave him a hand last year when
he 'had trouble with the rustlers. Seems it is
something concerning a birthday present for his
young daughter. She wants a piano. He has
given me a bank draft. He wants to know if
we can get him a piano, also a teacher to come
with the piano for a year's stay at his ranch."

"A piano," repeated the Prince Albert Kid.
"Does that mean civilization and culture has
come to the West? Or will she play sweet tunes
and thus stop the cattle when they want to go
on a stampede? If getting the piano in no way
interferes with our schedule, then I will be glad

to do the favor."

Three weeks later a wagon train was headed southwest in the direction of Fort Sill. It consisted of eleven large covered wagons. Each was drawn by a team of six powerful horses. These wagons were the property of Jim Andrews who was army contractor for the transportation of army goods. The wagons were loaded with ammunition and rifles. In addition there were five light wagons, each drawn by two horses, which contained food supplies for the contractor, his men and the escort of thirty mounted soldiers. The last wagon in the train contained a piano purchased from Lesser & Lang of St. Louis. A thin young man rode a horse next to the Prince Albert Kid.

"I still can't figure out why I agreed to come West and be a piano teacher for a year," sighed Curtis Bandley. "Maybe I'm not good enough to be a concert pianist. Maybe the money offered tempted me. Maybe there really is a touch of adventure in my soul. Who knows? Anyway I probably will be the first hired regular piano teacher in that section of the West."

The Prince Albert Kid laughed and Mr. Cur-

is Bandley seemed a bit puzzled.

"Anything funny in what I said?" he asked.
"No," replied the famous law man, "I'm just

looking ahead into the future. Think of the officers' wives at Fort Sill. As soon as they hear there is a piano, they too will want one. You will be a very busy man after your first year, giving lots of piano lessons."

For the next two weeks the wagon train moved slowly but on schedule. They were approaching the Big Hill Section of the country when they noticed smoke signals in the sky. Jim Andrews, Sergeant Brannigan and the Prince Albert Kid went into a hurried confer-

"Roman Nose and his warriors are in the vicinity," explained the famous law man. "We must follow orders. If they attack, we fight. Should we be defeated, we let the animals go free, and blow up the wagons. However, if we can talk peace with Roman Nose, so much the better."

The next day the wagon train made a halt for an hour at noon. The purpose was to give the animals an extra rest period. In case of attack it would be possible to go at full speed to the river crossing instead of fighting under favorable conditions. A small band of Indians came closer to the wagon train.

"Be on your alert," warned the Prince Albert Kid. "They are sending out this scouting group to figure out what we are carrying. Keep them

away from the munition wagons."

The Prince Albert Kid, followed by half a dozen soldiers, rode out to greet the Indian braves. Chief Roman Nose recognized the one

man in the West he both respected and feared.
"I have not seen my white brother for many

moons," greeted the Indian Chief.

"You are always welcome at Fort Sill as my guest," replied the Prince Albert Kid. "Come and visit me by the end of this month. We will

smoke the pipe of Peace."

The Indian Chief was about to reply when strange sounds came from the last wagon in the train. The canvas sides of the wagon were rolled up. The Prince Albert Kid saw Curtis Bandley following his daily routine. Whenever the wagon train stopped, the young man would play for an hour or so.

"I like strange sounds coming from big box,"

said Chief Roman Nose. "We go and watch."
For the next hour a dismounted group of Indians sat on the ground almost motionless.
Curtis Bandley played everything from Beetho-

Curtis Bandley played everything from Beethoven to Bach. When he was finished, Roman Nose took a string of beads from around his neck and handed them to the young man.

"I want such a box for my tribe. Tell me how much in gold, Tell me where to get it. Tell me who will show me how we can play this box."

The young man explained in detail the facts about the piano. Roman Nose was very much impressed.

"I will bring gold to Fort Sill. You will get me this black box that makes nice sounds."

He stopped and hesitated before he said the

"You will go in peace. The smoke signals will say that you are all my friends. Should any of the Comaches try to attack you, my braves will fight at your side."

When the wagon train arrived at Fort Sill, Major Pearson was told of what had happened.

"That piano may be the biggest thing in the West towards getting peace," explained the Prince Albert Kid. "Roman Nose keeps his word."

At the end of the month, the Indian Chief came to Fort Sill. He brought with him enough gold for the piano and to transport it. However, upon a rough piece of buffalo hide, he had drawn designs of animals and birds he wanted painted on the piano.

Sol Lesser, senior partner of Lesser & Lang of St. Louis, looked with a mixture of pride and awe at the figures his artist had painted on

the piano.

"So a piano can bring peace," he commented. "What is new with the young piano teacher you took out with you?"

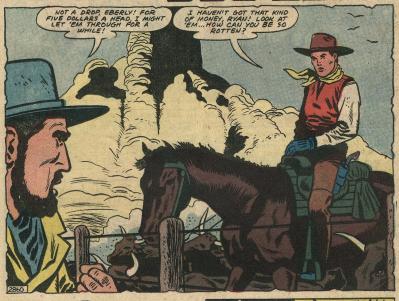
"I think he will become a permanent addition to the West — and to the Brower household," smiled a happy Prince Albert Kid. "He wanted adventure and he is getting it. Wait until he starts giving lessons on this piano — in a wigwam!"

- THE END -



RYAN HAD THE LAW ON HIS SIDE...THE BARBED-WIRE FENCE WAS LEGAL, EBERLY'S CATTLE HAD NO LEGAL RIGHT TO DRINK! BUT THE STOCKMAN COULDN'T LET THE BRITES STAND THERE AND DIE OF THIRST! HE MAD TO PURSUE RYAN TO LET THEM DRINK!











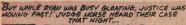










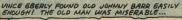


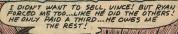


















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But Can Be Handled By One

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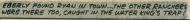
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HELLO, VINCE! HEAR THE NEWS? RYAN'S GOUNA PAY US A DOLLAR A HEAD FOR OUR CATTLE!

NOT MINE, HE ISN'T! I'D SOONER GIVE THEM AWAY!





SEE THESE PAPERS, RYAN? THEY'RE PARTNERSHIP PAPERS IN THE WATERHOLES! I OWN TWO THIRDS OF THE WATER RIGHTS...I'M TAKING DOWN THE FENCES!

IT'S A LIE! THEY WOULDN'T SELL OUT TO YOU, TOO, EBERLY!



EBERLY WAS READY FOR A SHOWDOWN. BUT RYAM TURNED AND GOT HIS HORSE! HE RODE OUT... AND VINCE EBERLY WENT TO RECORD THE DEEDS!

I'LL RECORD THE DEEDS, EBERLY...BUT BOTH YOU AND RYAN WILE BE QUESTIONED! YOU BOTH HOLD TITLE TO THE SAME LAND NOW! THAT SUITS ME! RECORDS



RYAN'S STRATEGY WAS BASED ON BLUFF! HE BLUFFED THE REAL DUNGERS OF THE WATERHOLES INTO SELLING-OUT! NOW, HE HAD FO STOP WINCE EBERLY OR WATCH HIS PAPER EMPIRE FALL APART!





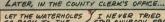












LET THE WATERHOLES
GO BACK TO THE
ORIGINAL OWNERS!
THEY CAN SIGN OVER
USAGE RIGHTS TO
US! WE'LL FIX A'
FAIR PRICE! OKAY,
JOHNNY?

I NEVER TRIED TUH
570P ANYBODY FROM
WATERIN' HIS STOCK
VINCE! I JUST WANT
TUH L'UE IN PEACE!
RYAN WON'T BOTHER
US ANYMORE!



LOBO

LOBO WAS AN OUTLAW WOLF, A BAD-TEMPERED KILLER, SO VICIOUS THAT THERE CAME A TIME WHEN EVEN HIS PACK TURNED AG AINST HIM, FOR EVERY WOLF AMONGST THEM BORE THE FAMG SCARS OF HIS SNARLING VICIOUSNESS!



THEY KNEW THERE WASN'T ONE AMONG THEM WHO COULD CONQUER THE TYRANT! FOR LOBO HAD TURNED BACK THE CHALLENGE OF EVERY STRONG, YOUNG MALE WHO HAD TRIED TO WREST HIS LEADERCHIP FROM HIM...

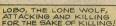




DRIVING
HIM AWAY!
HE KNEW
HE WAS NO
MATCH FOR
ALL OF THEM,
ATTACKING
AS HE HAD
TAUGHT THEM,
FROM ALL
SIDES,
SIAPPING AND
SLASHING!
AND SO HE
LOPED AWAY,
SNARLING
HIS HATE
AND

DEFIANCE!







THE RANCHERS TRIED EVERY TRICK THEY KNEW TO RIP THEMSELVES OF THE SAVAGE MARAUDER... BUT LOBO WAS TOO CUNNING TO TOUCH POISONED MEAT...





FINALLY, THE RANCHERS BANDED TOGETHER...
THEY SET A PACK OF WOLF HOUNDS ON HIS
TRAIL AND CORNERED HIM...

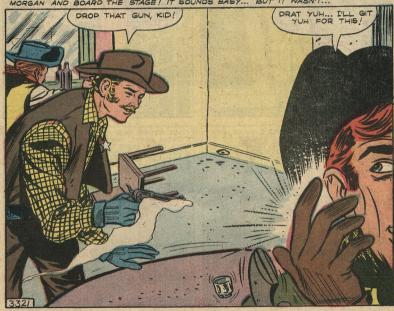


AND SO ENDED THE TRAIL OF LOBO, THE OUT-LAW KILLER, AS THE TRAIL OF ANY OUTLAW MUST END ... IN SMOKE AND BITING LEAD!



STAGETOYUMA

THE STAGE FOR YUMA WAS DUE AND SHERIFF SAM MOSS HAD TO TAKE HIS PRISONER TO YUMA PENITENTARY ON THAT STAGE! ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS WALK OUT WITH KID MORGAN AND BOARD THE STAGE! IT SOUNDS EASY... BUT IT WASN'T...















































ALL RIGHT, YOU MORGANS, IF YOU WANT TO DRAW, DRAW! I'LL SURE GIT TWO OF YUH WITH THIS SCATTERGUN. FORE YUH DROP ME! WHICH TWO OF YUH WILL IT BE, I WONDER? MESSY BUSINESS, A SHOTGUN MAKES OF IT! WELL, I'M WAITIN ON YUH!



THE STEADY MUZZLE OF THE SHOTGUN GREW BIGGER IN THE EYES OF THE MORGAN BROTHERS! THEY SHIFTED UNEASILY... AND BY THAT MOVEMENT THE SHERIFF KNEW HE HAD WON!

DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT, EH? I DIDN'T THINK YUH WOULD! GET IT, KID? YOUR BROTHERS'VE DECIDED JAIL'LL DO YUH GOOD! WHIP 'EM UP, BUFF!





MAYBE SO, KID!" THAT DAVE, ALWAY'S PORGETTIN' TO DO THINGS! I TOLD HIN THE TRIGGER ON THIS SCATTERGUN BROKE, BUT HE NEVER GOT IT MENDED! THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T EVEN LOAD THE CONSARNED THING. KNEW, IT WOULDN'T FIRE! YUD LIKE YOU SAID, A MAN CAN BE BRAVE BEHIND A SHOTGUN!











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...and I'll Show You How EASILY You Can Have It!



UST tell me where you want it and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with Do you want me to broaden your shoulders - put trip-hammer power in both your arms-make your ARE YOU

legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll show how you can get it in just 15 minutes a day - in your own home-or it won't cost you don't care if you are

15 or 50 years old-or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength

into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs - help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for

weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up that sleeping energy of

vours and

make it

hum like

a highpowered dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thou-sands of other fellows are becoming mar-velous physical specimens-my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

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'l gained 34 lbs and increased my -Stanley Lynn, Calif

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"The benefits are wonderful The first week my arm in creased one inch. mychest two

-E. M., Conn

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle

_J. W., Montana

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3255 115 East 23rd. St., New York 10, N. Y. Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of

Skinny, Weak and run down?

Always tired?

Lacking in con-fidence?

Lacking in vim

at and flabby?

Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

Nervous?

Check as many as you like;

More Weight-Said-in The Right Page and talkage and

(Check as many as you like)

More Weight-Solid-in The Right Places

Broader Chest and Shoulders More Powerful Arms and Grip

Slimmer Waist and Hips

More Powerful Leg Muscles Better Sleep, More Energy

'Name	(Please	print	30	write	Age.
Address					

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

